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Miscellany.

FROM THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.

BYRON AND BOWLES.

*Letter to **** on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope.* By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. pp. 62. 1821.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Byron, protesting against the immolation of Gray, Cowper, and Campbell, at the shrine of Pope. pp. 34. 1821.

*Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in answer to his Lordship's Letter to **** on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope: more particularly on the question whether Poetry be more immediately indebted to what is Sublime or Beautiful in the Works of Nature, or the Works of Art?* By the Rev Wm. Bowles. pp. 104. 1821.

Few readers need to be informed of the origin of the present controversy; and the existing state of it is so fully detailed in the title-pages of the pamphlets which are at the head of this article, as almost to release us from the trouble of saying any thing upon that subject. The first aggressor undoubtedly was Mr. Bowles, who, in his edition of Pope's poetical works, made some statements respecting the character of that poet, which by many were deemed illiberal, and to which any member of the literary community was certainly justified in replying. Some who have thus replied, have paid him in his own coin; and, if Mr. Bowles acted towards Pope the part of a severe censor, there have not been wanting those who have retorted even more rigorously upon Mr. Bowles. Between that gentleman and Lord Byron there has subsisted a grudge of very long standing, but in its origin not connected with the controversy respecting Pope. It is not our intention to give fresh currency to the acerbities which distinguished "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" not only because such a proceeding would be an act of injustice towards the author, by whom, and his victims, on account of whom, it was suppressed, but also because it is rendered unnecessary by the acknowledgment of his lordship, who, speaking of Mr. B. says

"He was right and *I was wrong*, and have been wrong still, up to this acknowledgment; for *I* ought to have looked twice, before *I* wrote that which involved an inaccuracy capable of giving pain." *Letter*, p. 5.

This part of the subject may therefore be dismissed with one remark. Whether he looked once or twice, whether Mr. Bowles took the book up

or took it *down*, (p. 4.) as soon as he was made sensible of his mistake, lord Byron ought to have acknowledged it, and not to have deferred for nine years so necessary a piece of justice. For keeping a tragedy by him during that period, he might plead some authority; but, his retraction of an unfounded charge ought to have been more speedy. He is never at a loss to find a spare page in which he may vindicate *himself* from the suspicion of having associated with his countrymen; and a similar mode might have been adopted to convey an apology to one whom he characterizes as "an amiable, well-informed, and extremely able man; and desires nothing better than to dine with such a manner'd man every day in the week." (p. 10.) The controversy respecting the writings of Pope, may perhaps be settled with as little difficulty. Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles have many points of agreement; their only or their chief difference appears to be concerning the *rank* which shall be assigned to the Bard of Twit'nam, in the army of the Muses. We will first of all present a short abstract of what is said by each. Lord Byron observes, that there can be no worse sign of the taste of the times, than the depreciation of Pope,

" which is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenious boast,

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But *stoop'd* to truth, and moralized his song.

He should have written 'rose to truth.' In my mind, the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. p. 35.

"Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock-heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground, as an *ethical* poet: in the former, none excel; in the mock-heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done: He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true *poet*, in its real sense, the 'maker,' the 'creator'—Why must this mean the 'liar,' the 'feigner,' the 'tale-teller?' p. 47.

"It is admitted that Pope is not so high a poet as Shakspeare and Milton, (p. 48,) but he is the moral poet of civilization; (p. 49) he is the only poet that never shocks, the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach; (p. 49) and

"If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country, in such sort, as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all, most living of human things—a *dead language*, to be studied, and read, and imitated, by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice; an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there has been such a thing as a British epic and tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton; but, the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people." p. 49.

Mr. Bowles, with a candour which entitles him to the appellation of the "fairest of controversialists," reprints at length his observations on Pope's poetical character; and, as far as we can discover, is not disposed

to abate one jot of the opinions therein advanced. In estimating the excellencies and defects of a poem, Mr. Bowles considers that the *subject* and the *execution* are principally to be regarded:

"In speaking of the *poetical subject*, and the *powers of execution*,—with regard to the *first*, Pope cannot be classed among the highest orders of poets; with regard to the *second*, none was ever his *superior*. It is futile to expect to judge of *one* composition by the rules of *another*. To say that Pope, in this sense, is not a poet, is to say that a *didactic poem* is not a *tragedy*, and that a *satire* is not an *ode*.—(*Bowles*, p. 7.)

"The career which he opened to himself was in the second order in poetry; but, it was a line pursued by Horace, Juvenal, Dryden, Boileau; and if in that line he stand the *highest*, we might fairly say, with Johnson, 'it is superfluous to ask whether Pope were a poet.' " p. 10.

This opinion, with respect to the rank of Pope as a poet, is founded upon two principles, which are laid down at the commencement of the discussion. First, says Mr. B.

"I presume it will readily be granted, that all images drawn from what is *beautiful* or *sublime* in the works of nature, are more beautiful and sublime than any images drawn from art, and that they are therefore *per se* more poetical."

And, secondly,

"Those passions of the human heart which belong to nature in general, are, *per se*, more adapted to the higher species of poetry, than those which are derived from incidental and transient manners. A description of a forest is more poetical than a description of a cultivated garden; and the passions that are portrayed in the epistle of an Eloisa, render such a poem more poetical, (whatever might be the difference of merit in point of execution,) intrinsically more poetical, than a poem founded on the characters, incidents, and modes of artificial life; for instance, the *Rape of the Lock*."—p. 5, 6.

If these premises be admitted, they lead inevitably to Mr. Bowles's conclusion, that

"Pope must be judged according to the rank in which he stands among those whose delineations are taken more from *manners* than from *nature*. When I say that this is his *predominant* character, I must be insensible to every thing exquisite in poetry, if I did not except, *instanter*, the Epistle of Eloisa. In this poem, Pope appears on the high ground of the poet of nature; but, this certainly is not his *general* character. In the particular instance of this poem, how distinguished and superior does he stand! It is sufficient that nothing of the kind has ever been produced equal to it for pathos, painting, and melody." p. 7.

In the truth of the last observation we should most readily agree, even if the words "of the kind" were left out; for, not only of *its* kind, but of *any* kind, where is its superior to be met with? We have frequently placed it by the side of the fourth book of the *Aeneid*, and are ready to avow that we cannot discover in what respect, considering each as an isolated production, the modern poem is inferior to the other. Admitting that the energy and melting tenderness of a cherished though hopeless passion, and the wild alternations of feeling to which such a passion gives birth, are depicted with equal fidelity by either writer, the heroine of the one is still surrounded by accompaniments of which the other is destitute. There is a solemn gloom, and an assemblage of appropriate scene-

ry, amid the “deep solitudes” of Paraclete, which finds no parallel in the unfinished streets and rising towers of Carthage. And, if in the power of moving the affections, the performance of Pope be equal, and in description, and we will add in sublimity, be superior to the happiest effort of Virgil, can there be any ground for hesitating in what class to place him? If any *one* of his poems entitle him, as Eloisa surely does, to rank with the first, his claim must not be afterwards disallowed, because his *other* productions do not raise him so high. If, indeed, this rule of judgment be *universally* applied, if the merits of one poem are to be neutralized by the inferiority of another, whom are we to reckon among primary poets? For, which, of all the order, has never written *unequally*. But, while we think that there is something *frozen* in Mr. Bowles’s praise of Pope in general, we cannot go those lengths in his favour to which lord Byron proceeds. That any expression of Pope has contributed to the systematical depreciation of his powers with which the existing race of authors is charged, we cannot believe; to us it rather appears that the expression, “*stoop’d to truth*,” is an ironical affectation of humility; and that the bard would have written, “*rose to truth*,” if he had not foreseen that such an expression would mar the purpose which he had in view. We shall not quarrel with lord Byron’s new-born devotion to moral truth, nor will we stop to inquire whether the safest and most complete system of morals be that which is developed in the “*Essay on Man*.” For the sake of argument, we will suppose it faultless; but, we cannot be any more persuaded that, because verse here effects that which many great men have laboured to perform in prose, this order of poetry is therefore superior to every other. The object of poetry, properly so called, is to give a local habitation to those sublime and daring conceptions of the mind, which prose cannot express so effectually, and, in many cases, cannot express at all. Undoubtedly, sublimity can be only occasional; and, therefore, in the intermediate passages, poetry must adapt its wing to humbler flights; but, still the ethic poet is not “the only true poet;” the first place of all must be assigned to him who can soar most uninterruptedly to those heights which Genius alone is able to contemplate or reach. We should have been better satisfied if the discussion concerning the moral character of Pope, could have been altogether avoided. With the tone of lord Byron’s vindication it is impossible to be pleased; since, instead of showing that certain imputations are unfounded, he rather prefers to admit their truth, and labours then to palliate them, by the general example of the world. On the other hand, the charges of Mr. Bowles cannot all be justified, and still less all his insinuations. There is some difficulty indeed in settling the exact limit which ought to be observed as to publishing or concealing the faults of eminent men. By an excess on either side, the interests of truth and morality are exposed to nearly equal danger. Perhaps a rule might prudently be established, that such charges as have obtained general circulation, by appearing in print, should fall within the province of an editor to examine and decide upon; but, while they continue in manuscript, like Pope’s letters to Martha Blount, they are not yet *in evidence*, and therefore require not that any allusion should be made to them. The subject is unpleasing, and we quit it willingly, to devote our remaining space to the inquiry, whether Poetry be more indebted to the sublime and beautiful of Nature or of Art. In answer to Mr. Bowles’s first proposition, which inferred the superiority of natural objects, Mr. Campbell (himself a poet) has instanced the *launch of a ship*, as a work of *Art* beautifully poetical. This instance, lord Byron sets forward and upholds, as directly

contradictory to Mr. Bowles's system. He maintains, by much ingenious reasoning, and by appeals to his own nautical experience, that the ship confers as much poetical beauty upon the sea as it derives therefrom: while, on the other hand, Mr. Bowles is equally fixed in his opinion that the ship is indebted to Nature for "the *winds* which fill the sails, the *sunshine* which touches them with light, the *waves* upon which she triumphantly rides." His opinions upon this subject are declared and supported in the following passage, which requires not the aid of metre to render it poetical :

" The ocean, I affirm, wants not the accessories of any thing human to make it sublime, and therefore poetical. It is poetical, though not equally picturesque or beautiful, with or without them. The ideas it excites of Almighty power are those of sublimity, the highest poetical sublimity, which proudly rejects any associations or accessories of human art, or of human kind, to make it more so. 'The deep uttereth his voice,' is one of the many sublime passages relating to it in the scriptures. We have no occasion, to make it more poetical, to say 'there go the ships;' but the ship, moving beautiful to the sight, and almost seeming, as it were, a creature of the vast element, and made doubly interesting, as an object of beauty, by those accessories of nature, without which it is nothing; a ship so seen, adds to the picture of poetical beauty, but not to the more awful ideas of sublimity, which are far more poetical. In sunshine, in calm, in tempest, by night, by day, in its deepest solitudes, it wants nothing of art to make it sublime, as speaking every where, 'in the east and in the west,' in the north and the south, with one everlasting voice, 'Infinite and power.' What can be more sublime than this verse of the psalmist? 'If I take the wing of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me.' " p. 32.

We are decidedly disposed to agree with him. The ship, as we are accustomed to see it, "a living thing upon its lucid way," is assuredly one of the noblest and most majestic sights upon which the eye can turn. But, if she were to lie, like Robinson Crusoe's canoe, immovably fixed in the sand, should we behold her with equal admiration? Lord Byron urges that "even a ship laid up in a dock is a grand and poetical sight;" it is true: but even then the *water* is *not* entirely taken away; it exists in our imagination and remembrance, because, from long habit, its idea is so connected with that of the ship, that we do not look upon the latter as we should do if there were no such thing as water in the world. It is in fact the *buoyancy* of the ship which is its more admirable quality; suggesting to us first the triumph of skill in its construction, and next the pathless oceans which it is to cleave, and the tempestuous vicissitudes which it is to encounter. There is also one *natural product* appertaining to a ship, which to us seems to bestow upon it a great portion of the poetical character which it is allowed to possess—we mean its crew; to which, however, the friends of Art have not alluded, and even Mr. Bowles only by way of after-thought in a postscript. Their various characters and destinies, the separations to which they are condemned, and the hopes by which they are sustained, under the dangers which attend their way of life, are surely among the most poetical associations which surround a ship. We will adduce, as a proof of this, a poem by one whose memory has been somewhat harshly treated during the present controversy. In the lines by Cowper on the sinking of the Royal George, what is it which forms the great source of interest—of poetical interest? The ship? No: the huge, oaken-ribbed, hollow machine might have sunk ten

times over, and ten thousand fathoms deep, without exciting an emotion, had she contained no crew, It is the indwellers between her decks—it is “brave Kempfenfeldt” and “twice four hundred men,” whose fate suspends our very breath, as she founders in the water; and which forbids us even now to approach the spot without feelings more acute by far than any which the bravest sailor in lord Byron’s fleet can excite. To return, however, to the immediate dispute,—the fact seems to be, as Mr. Bowles justly observes, that when the partisans of Art say the sea without a ship is not *poetical* they mean only that it is not *picturesque*. If they proceed not beyond this, few will dissent from their opinion; but, it is not necessary to search very widely, in order to show that the appearances of Nature, without the slightest admixture of Art, are sufficient to supply a succession of the most poetical images. As an example, let us take the following lines of Beattie :

Thither he hied, enamour’d of the scene,
For *rocks on rocks*, pil’d as by magic spell,
Here scorch’d with *lightning*, there with *ivy green*,
Fenc’d from the north and east this *savage dell* ;
Southward, a *mountain* rose with easy swell,
Whose *long long groves* eternal murmur made ;
And tow’rd the western *sun*, a *streamlet* fell,
Where thro’ the cliffs the eye, remote, survey’d
Blue *hills*, and glittering *waves*, and *skies* in gold array’d.

Here is the description of a solitude which probably the foot of man had never trod; there is not in the whole stanza an allusion to any forms except the majestic productions of Nature; yet, will lord Byron, or any other warm admirer of artificial objects, deny that the passage is strikingly beautiful, and that we, with Edwin, may be justly “enamour’d of the scene?” In the following stanza there is an image, also derived from Nature, which we do not fear to produce as an instance of the true sublime :

Oft did the cliffs reverberate *the sound*
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high.

The silence which reigns in this vast solitude, is here interrupted in a manner at once noble and appropriate; and, if we compare this passage with one which describes an interruption of the general stillness by the dilapidation of the works of Art instead of those of Nature, few will be of opinion that the superiority is palpably and undeniably on the side of the former. In Dyer’s Ruins of Rome are the following well known, beautiful lines :

The pilgrim oft,
At dead of night, mid his oraison, hears,
Aghast, the voice of Time disparting *tow’rs*.

and, taking from these “the dead of night,” and “the voice of Time,” it is plain that the sound of the falling towers of Rome has no superiority in awfulness and grandeur over that of the mountain fragment, which disturbs the echoes in the minstrel’s “savage dell.” To us it appears that Mr. Bowles and lord Byron have each been carried to excess in the maintenance of their opinions. It is not Nature *alone*, nor Art *alone*, which is the object of poetry; but, its perfection consists in a felicitous union of both. We might refer, for an exemplification and support of our opinion, to Milton’s L’Allegro and Penseroso, which contain exactly that *mixture* of allusion which we think the most pleasing; but, as we have the Minstrel at hand, we will select from it one more stanza, wherein there is a happy combination of natural with artificial objects :—

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milk-maid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and hark,
 Down the rough slope the *pondrous wagon* rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the *village-clock* the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower ;
 And shrill lark carols from her aërial tour.

If we take away the pilgrim, the milk-maid, the ploughman, and other living objects, the identity of the scene is no more ; yet, can the warmest admirer of Nature forbear to own that the *pondrous wagon*, and the slowly-tolling clock, greatly heighten the charms of the animated landscape into which they are introduced ? We are of opinion that some of the specimens of *Art* which lord Byron adduces, as peculiarly adapted for poetry, if *Art alone* were employed in their production, would fail of exciting the effect which he attributes to them. " In Gray's Elegy, (he says) is there an image more striking than his *shapeless sculpture* ?" But then, does not every reader of this passage unconsciously represent to himself this sculpture as having *lost* that appearance of *newness* which was left upon it by the clumsy chisel of the village artist, and the hand as " *uncouth*" as the " *rhymes*" which it engraves ? Do we not image to ourselves the mosses of Nature spreading their grey and yellow stains over the stone, and the surface roughened by the operation of that power which is incessantly corroding even the sepulchres to which its influence has reduced us ? In this state only is the village tomb pleasing, and adapted to fulfil the purposes of the poet ; and to this state it must be brought by a process which is, from first to last, exclusively the work of Nature. Concerning the merits of the respective writers, we have only space to observe that the anonymous pamphleteer is of such dimensions, that the others may carry on their battle over his head, without perceiving that he has taken part in the affray. Lord Byron's style is the more caustic, but his reasonings are often sophistical and inconclusive ; and though Mr. Bowles exhibits a less determined confidence in his own powers, and inferior agility in attack and defence, he yet possesses, it appears to us, a more just and delicate sense of the beauties of poetical composition, and a truer conception of the sources of poetical pleasure, than is displayed by his noble antagonist.

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 FROM PROFESSOR DALZEL'S LECTURES.

ON THE STUDY OF GREEK.

No man can possibly obtain the praise of erudition, who is ignorant of the Greeks and their language, because this is the source from which learning flows. In whatever rank of life above the vulgar any person is to appear, some knowledge of the language of ancient Greece is not only ornamental, but almost absolutely necessary. In the three literary professions of theology, law, and medicine, any person who is destitute of some acquaintance with this language, must be considered as a novice or smatterer among all men of real learning. To a divine it is a sufficient reason for his applying to the Greek, that the New Testament of our Saviour is written in that language. But here he cannot be supposed to be a true critic, unless he have a considerable acquaintance with the Greek authors. The fathers of the church also wrote, many of them very elegantly, in this language. At any rate, a divine ought to aspire at the

praise of learning. An illiterate person of this character is always considered as contemptible.

Nor ought the student of law to be ignorant of Greek. The Roman or civil law, which makes a great part of his study, although it was delivered in Latin, is still intermingled with a great many Greek words. The Emperor Justinian, who collected it, reigned at Constantinople, at a period when the Greek language was much more spoken than the Latin, and many of the commentaries upon the civil law were written in Greek. The modern writers and commentators on the civil law, suppose the student moderately skilled in Greek. Heineccius upon the Institutes of Justinian, as well as the Pandects, every now and then introduce Greek words, which must puzzle and disconcert a student who is totally ignorant of that language. When we reflect, farther, that lawyers are considered universally as men of learning, and that they ought to be also men of eloquence and taste, it must be allowed, that at least a moderate knowledge of the Greek tongue is absolutely necessary for them.

The vast utility of Greek in a medical education is so obvious, that it was never called in question. Almost all the terms of art are derived from that quarter, and Greek words are made use of in every prescription. This, of itself, is sufficient to recommend some acquaintance with that language to every student of medicine. But he who aspires at real eminence in his profession, will not be contented with such a skill of the language as will only enable him to consult his lexicon; he will also endeavour to read Hippocrates, Arateus Cappadox, and Galen, in the original tongue. And he will emulate that learning, particularly in the Greek and Roman authors, for which eminent physicians have always been remarkable.

No gentleman, indeed, ought to be without a moderate skill in this sort of literature. Whether he be called to act a part in the supreme council of the nation, or lead a life of rural retirement, some knowledge of the Greeks and their language, will enable him to embellish his harangues, if he speaks in public, and to amuse his solitary hours in his rural retreat. If classical taste be suffered to decline among the youth who are to be the future supports of the state, it is to be feared that real eloquence will also decline, and incorrectness and inelegance succeed. If gentlemen who retire to the country would be at more pains to cultivate their minds with classic elegance, we should not behold so many of them spending one half of the day at the chase, and besotting themselves in the evening over their bottle. With what superior lustre do we behold to arise the example of a Granville, of a Lyttleton, of a Shenstone, who have paid the debt of nature, celebrated and honoured by all men of real taste!

It must be confessed, that to be real adepts in the language of ancient Greece, is attended with considerable difficulty and pains, but this ought not to hinder any scholar from endeavouring to acquire a moderate skill in it. Although the pursuits in after life leave but little time for the prosecution of such a study, yet no person will ever repent the pains he has taken, although he should but retain through life the meaning of the ordinary vocables in the language, without which, indeed, he must meet with repeated mortifications. Allow me to conclude what I have to say at present, in the words of the elegant author already quoted. "It were to be wished," says he, "that those amongst us, who either write or read with a view to employ their liberal leisure, would inspect the finished models of Grecian literature."—"To be competently skilled in ancient learning," adds he, "is by no means a work of such insuperable pains.

The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where every mile we advance new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other. And as to those who tell us, with an air of seeming wisdom, that it is men and not books we must study to become wise and knowing; this, I have always remarked, from repeated experience, to be the common consolation and language of dunces. They shelter their ignorance under a few bright examples, whose transcendent abilities, without the common helps, have been sufficient of themselves to great and important ends."

FROM THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

Elizabeth Carter was born at Deal, in Kent, on the 16th of December, 1717; and very early seemed determined to devote herself to study, and to leading a single life. When she was about ten years of age, she had the misfortune to lose her mother, who died of a decline. Her father was the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D. D. rector of Woodcurch and of Ham, in Kent.

The infancy and early youth of Mrs. Carter did not appear to give any promise of those attainments she afterwards acquired; for nature seemed to forbid her eager desire of becoming a scholar, and she learned the rudiments of knowledge with extreme pain and difficulty. This laid the foundation for those severe headaches, from which she could scarcely ever be said to be entirely free, and which brought on her the habit of taking snuff. Her thirst after knowledge was, however, at length crowned with success; but she never neglected feminine accomplishments. It is a pity that females cannot oftener unite erudition with the elegancies of life, and the practice of that domestic qualification which is entitled good housewifery. Mrs. Carter was one of those rare exceptions to a rule which is become almost general. She spoke the French language as fluently as her own, was an excellent needlewoman, and played on the spinet, an instrument in her youth fashionable; but her skill on the *German-flute* we cannot regard as an excellence in a female. Early in life, she cultivated her taste for poetry, and in the year 1738, before she was twenty-one, she published a small collection of poems.

Her progress in learning caused her to be much noticed by the first families in Kent, among whom was the Hon. Mrs. Rooke, daughter-in-law to Admiral Sir George Rooke. Miss Carter passed a winter with this lady at her house in London, where she was introduced to many persons of distinction.

She studied the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, but was particularly partial to the former. Dr. Johnson used to say, he thought he understood Greek better than any one, except it was Mrs. Carter. Very late in life she began to learn the Portuguese language; and last of all, she taught herself Arabic, and could read it with the assistance of a dictionary.

But among these various studies, there was one she never neglected; which was that of religion. Her acquaintance with the Bible was as complete as her belief in it was sincere, and she never failed to read it every day. Her piety was never varying, and though fervent, it was not enthusiastic. She had an aversion to all controversial divinity; and she

advised her friends never to read books adverse to the scriptures as they might strike the mind and unsettle the faith. Her piety began early, and continued to the close of her life; when young, she gave the portrait in herself of the true Christian; for she was not only lively, but gay; while her cheerful and innocent playfulness of mind never forsook her to the last. It was said by those who had known her long, that, when a girl, she was a perfect romp, and that dancing was her favourite amusement; while she would, at times, perform in private theatricals.

She was a very early riser; and in her advanced age, always up between six and seven o'clock. With her numerous accomplishments, aided by some share of beauty, it is not surprising that Miss Carter should have received several offers of marriage; some of which were very advantageous. Her father wished her to marry, but she preferred a single life. Nevertheless, there was a gentleman on whom she was willing to bestow her heart and hand; but discovering in him a licentious turn of mind, she civilly rejected his suit, and to this disappointment may be attributed, in a great measure, her resolution to remain unmarried; for it is not likely that such a mind would love lightly, or easily transfer the affections she had once bestowed.

Mrs. Carter's figure was not good, but her complexion was fair, and her countenance expressive, with beautiful hair, curling naturally, and soft as silk.

As years wore away, the hand of death deprived Mrs. Carter of many of her old friends; but new ones, in a degree, supplied their place. Those who were younger than herself, while they revered her as a parent, loved her as a sister. Their friendship accompanied her to the tomb, and softened the languor of declining strength by the most delicate and kind attentions. Her own sun, however, was now fast setting, but without a cloud; she was blest with valuable friends and an easy income, both acquired by her own merit, and she was thankful for the mercies she enjoyed.

About nine years before her decease, she was seized with erisipelas, and thinking herself in a dangerous state, she began to prepare for the awful change. Though her strength failed, her spirits never flagged. It pleased God, however, to restore her; but her recovery was slow and incomplete, though her health became tolerably good, and she was able, in a great measure, to enjoy again the society of her friends. About four years after, her constitution was entirely broken up; and she was subject to frequent and alarming faintings: she would sleep, or rather dose, for several hours in the day, and for the last year or two seldom sat up later than eight o'clock. During the whole summer of 1805, she was in a very low and declining state, evidently growing weaker, and falling away, though her appetite was tolerably good. As the time drew near, when she usually took her annual journey to Clarges-street, she appeared to gain strength. On the 16th of December, her birth-day, she was able to dine with her nephew, which was the last time she went out in Deal.

Before she was about to set off for London, she desired to have her will read to her; and gave directions concerning her funeral, and the money to be expended on it, which she begged might be as moderate as decency would permit. On the 23d of December, she left Deal for the last time, and on the following day arrived in Clarges-street. In the middle of January, 1806, she was entirely confined to her own apartments, and in a few days afterwards to her bed. Her senses remained till within a few hours of her decease; but she was so weak that she could scarcely speak; and she expired without a groan or a struggle about three o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1806.

To sum up the character of this admirable woman, we may say, that, with all her great attainments, piety was ever her leading principle. She admired and warmly felt the beauties of works of genius and fancy, but in her estimation, the "one thing needful," her duty to God and man, superseded all the rest. She was sparing to herself, but bountiful to others. Her dress was always plain and neat, but delicately clean; cold water was her only cosmetic, and a little lavender-water, her only perfume.

In the prime of her life, and in the full vigour of all her faculties, she travelled on the continent, where, on such a mind as hers, the monuments of art and genius made a deep and lasting impression, and in her letters to her friends this has been amply delineated.

It was after the publication of her *Epictetus* that Mrs. Carter became easy in her circumstances, and no longer dependent on her father, though she still resided with him whenever he was at Deal; from this time, she was enabled to live several months in London every year, and always in the same lodgings. Her visits to Lambeth Palace were very frequent, and she was indeed almost a constant inmate with the family of Archbishop Secker, till the death of that excellent prelate, in whom she lost a sincere friend.

We cannot close this memoir better than by citing the eulogium on Mrs. Carter by one of her relatives, who knew her well, and who fulfilled the pious office of closing her eyes, that "in judgment she was excelled by few; in goodness of heart, warmth of affection to her family and friends, and piety, constant and unfeigned, perhaps, by none."

FROM THE SAME.

EXTRACTS FROM SIR R. PORTER'S TRAVELS.

The grass fire is scarcely less destructive to the crops of grain than a little worm, peculiar to the Black Sea, is to the fleets of Russia. The progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass; it preys on the ship's bottom, and when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop its ravages, even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature.

At New Tcherkask, the capital of the Donskoy country, Sir R. Porter paid his respects to the far-famed Attaman Platoff, of which visit he gives an interesting description. "The palace of this celebrated chief is a noble building. A guard of Cossacks kept the outer gate, and others stood with drawn swords at the entrance door, while officers in waiting and attendants occupied the passages and anti-chambers, with every degree of form that combines a princely and military state.

"On being ushered as a stranger into an apartment, where I was met by the Attaman's secretary, I mentioned my name to him, and the good gentleman's joyful surprise was no unpleasant token of his chief's welcome. I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence, and words cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the events, whatever they might have been, that induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power, to bring me to Tiffa in safety. The police officer of Tcherkask being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable quarters in the town, but the Attaman's table was to be mine; and he commanded an equipage to be placed

entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short, but he would not hear of my leaving him, till I had shared with him the honour of a visit he was then expecting from his imperial highness the grand duke Michael.

"Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions glowing from a heart so kindly to myself and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic manner, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of people during his stay in England in 1814. He said, that, independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donskoy country, to whom he might evince his gratitude.

"I passed the remainder of the day with my venerable host, and on my return to the city, found most comfortable quarters, to which, in my absence, my carriage, servants, &c. had been carefully transferred; all were placed under a guard of honour, which was to hold attendance during my stay at Tcherkask."

"The mountains of Elborz are noted in Persia by divers legends, respecting a malignant race of demons, fabled to possess their extremest heights, and it was amongst the wildest recesses of Elborz, that the fiend-like sect, so famous in the histories of the crusades, under the appellation of assassins, spread themselves from those remote eastern regions to the hills of Syria.

"The faith of these people was a wild aberration from the Mahometan creed, mingling with its laws and fatalities, the transmigratory doctrines of the Hindoos; and in consequence, they believed, that their Prince, or Inman, was a successive incarnation of the Great Prophet, and that every behest of his to good or evil, must be obeyed as implicitly as the word of God himself. The first of this tribe, who arrogated these divine pretensions was Hassan Saheb, a man whose domineering passions, consummate subtlety, and persevering spirit of enterprise, perfectly fitted for his plan of imposture. He appeared about the year 1090, and by various intrigues, and singular mysterious deportment, as well as so invincible a courage, that few dared to resist that approached it, he inspired the ignorant barbarians around him with a firm belief in his mission, and an enthusiastic attachment to himself. His despotic authority followed of course; once secure of his empire over these people, he secured every pass of the mountains with fastnesses; and, holding himself independent of the surrounding states, he spread his colonies over Elborz, and along the whole range of hills to beyond Tubreez, whence they issued forth singly, or in bands, at the command of their Inman, or his deputed emissaries, to destroy by open assault, ambuscade, or private murder, all people or persons who were obnoxious to his avarice or ambition; Christians, Jews, or Mahometans, of Omar, or Ali, all were alike the subjects of his excommunication, and he sold his dagger, or rather that of his followers, to whatever party were vile enough to purchase the blood of their enemies. There was a mystical obscurity about his person, and in the views of his widely-extending government, with a dauntless determination of proceeding, that held the princes in that dark age in a kind of superstitious awe. Jealous of his sway, and abhorring his tenets, contemning his divine pretensions, yet doubting whether he did not possess some superhuman means of mischief, they dreaded a power which seemed to hang over themselves and people with constant threatening, though never showing when, or where, it would strike. He soon acquired from these appalled sovereigns, the vague, but supreme, title of Sheik-ul-Jebal, or Lord of the Mountains;

while in the minds of the most superstitious people, he might well be considered one of the dreadful demons of the waste.

"It so happened, that for more than two centuries, in short, from their accession to their extinction, every successor of the first Inman inherited the same disposition to turn the blind zeal of their followers to the worst purposes. A colony of these fanatics, under the leading of one of Hassan Saheb's most odious representatives, settled themselves among the heights of Lebanon, and have been variously called Ishmaelians, Bathanians, or Assassins. That colony is the best known to European historians, from the horrible enormities which its people committed in the towns and villages of the Holy Land; and not less so to the persons and lives of some of our most gallant crusaders. It is woful to read who were the victims of these savages; but often much more horrible to turn the page, and find who were their employers. Their universal insolence, however, at last armed every hand against them; and much about the same time, towards the end of the thirteenth century, they were routed out of Syria and Egypt (whither they had extended themselves), and from their original seats in Persia, leaving nothing but their appropriate appellation of Assassins behind them; no longer to be considered, what it had originally imported, the mere distinguishing name of a sect; but to have severally afforded from age to age hereafter, as a peculiar brand of infamy on every secret, treacherous, or hired murderer.

"Hainkoo, the Mogul conqueror of Persia, and of the family of the famous Zingis Khan, was the prince whose victorious arms almost repaid to his new dominions the devastations of his conquest, by the entire extirpation of the lawless race which had so long preyed on the vitals of the country."

WINTER IN THE POLAR SEA.

[The British Critic contains a review of Captain Parry's Voyage, from which we extract an account of the wintering.]

The first thought of the crews, on being settled, for the winter, appears to have been that of hunting and shooting. A day or two after their arrival, a servant of captain Sabine was pursued by a white bear; but this was the only animal of the kind which they saw during the whole of their abode in "Winter Harbour." Reindeer were in considerable abundance; but on the 15th of October they saw the last covey of ptarmigan for the season. It became, however, dangerous to leave the ships without many precautions from the effects of the cold. The temptations to this, however, soon became very small: the reindeer left the island and went over the ice, it was supposed, to the continent of America. About three weeks after their arrival, and on the 20th of October, which captain Parry says was one of the finest days that ever occur in those climates, the thermometer was 16° below Zero, but yet the weather was rather pleasant to their feelings than otherwise; the sportsmen of both ships went out the whole day, and returned without having seen any living animal, so that their hopes of indulging now and then in the luxury of a little game during the winter were at once precluded.

On the 20th (we are now in the month of October) the aurora borealis was observed, but it produced no effect upon the magnetic needle. They had, at this time, daylight from half past nine till half past two. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the sky at sunrise and sunset: near the horizon was a rich bluish purple, and a bright arch of deep red above. The weather was calm and clear, and the smoke scarcely rose, but skimmed ho-

southern horizon for an hour or two before and after noon; and when the night came, the reflection from the snow and the brightness of the moon, was at all times sufficient to prevent any thing like that gloomy darkness which is experienced in our climate.

At the beginning of January, the quantity of snow which had fallen was so small, that its general depth on shore did not exceed one or two inches. But about this time, symptoms of the scurvy began to appear among the men: they were slight, and quickly removed by some mustard and cress which Capt. Parry raised in his cabin, by placing some mould in small shallow boxes fixed near the stoves; in six or seven days a crop was raised, which, except that it was colourless, possessed all the properties of the vegetable, and almost immediately removed the disorder. A curious incident, which we shall give in Capt. Parry's own words, also occurred about this time.

"It had been remarked, that a white setter dog belonging to Mr. Beverly had left the Griper for several nights past at the same time, and had regularly returned after some hours' absence. As the daylight increased, we had frequent opportunities of seeing him in company with a she-wolf, with whom he kept up an almost daily intercourse for several weeks, till at length he returned no more to the ships; having either lost his way by rambling to too great a distance, or what is more likely, perhaps, been destroyed by the male wolves. Some time after, a large dog of mine, which was also getting into the habit of occasionally remaining absent for some time, returned on board a good deal lacerated and covered with blood, having, no doubt, maintained a severe encounter with a male wolf, whom we traced to a considerable distance by the tracks on the snow. An old dog, of the Newfoundland breed, that we had on board the Hecla, was also in the habit of remaining out with the wolves for a day or two together; and we frequently watched them keeping company on the most friendly terms." P. 136.

The 3d of February was a beautifully clear day, and at twenty minutes before apparent noon, the sun was seen from the Hecla's main-top; and we can easily imagine the emotions with which the reappearance of the glorious luminary must have been hailed. In a few days the men could see to work till four o'clock, and preparations commenced for re-equipping the ships. The return of the sun, however, did not bring with it a more genial season; but, on the contrary, the coldest time of the year was now approaching, and still greater precautions against frost-bites became necessary. A remarkable phenomenon attending the extreme cold, was the distance at which sounds could be heard. They could hear each other speak, in a common tone of voice, frequently at the distance of a mile. Another curious fact is the distance to which the smoke crept horizontally along the ground: it was met at the distance of two miles from the ships, and so little dispersed, that in passing through it, it was difficult to breathe.

In the beginning of March, the weather, which had been for some weeks almost intolerably cold, began to relax; on the 6th it had got up to Zero, and on the 7th the thermometer in the sun was as high as 34° . They found that the thickness of the ice in which the ships were imbedded, when the depth of water was $4\frac{1}{4}$ fathoms, was $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the snow on its surface 8 inches. Symptoms of thaw began now to appear, and on the 30th the thermometer stood at freezing, or, as they would call it, thawing point—a temperature which the men thought so like summer-heat, that they were for throwing off their winter clothing. On the 12th they saw a ptarmigan, an event which to men who were waiting on tiptoe for the

return of more open weather, was like the news of a victory. The men now recommenced their field sports. A garden was attempted, but, except peas which came to leaf, their efforts that way were unsuccessful. The land once more began to appear through the snow; they filled a bottle of water from a pool produced by the warmth of the sun; and, encouraged by these appearances, an excursion into the interior was projected. The party consisted of twelve, and took with them provisions for three weeks; but they met with nothing to reward their labour. They saw some ducks, some ptarmigan, a rein-deer, a musk ox, met with six huts of Esquimaux: but nothing occurred which *might* not have been seen from "Winter Harbour."

A few mosquitoes began now to appear; some rein-deer approached the ships; a seal was seen; some hares and partridges and a golden plover also gave symptoms that the pulse of nature was again beginning to beat. Gradually the weather became still finer, and in the middle of June they were able to gather sorrel in great abundance. A handsome purple flower, called the *saxifraga oppositifolia*, the poppy (*papaver medicaule*), and some other plants also now were coming into flower. But no symptoms of the breaking up of the ice had yet been observed, until the 26th, when in shore near Winter Harbour, Lieut. Beechey reported that there was water enough to allow a boat to pass; and Lieut. Hoppner reported that in another part of the island, the ice was beginning to move in the offing.

Early in July, the dissolution of the ice began rapidly to take place; the average thickness of it did not now exceed two feet; the boats were brought down to the beach, and the process of thawing was accelerated by the torrents of melted snow which began to flow into the harbour from the land. On the 10th rain fell. By the 16th the snow had entirely disappeared, and the weather was, to the feelings of the men, just like summer, says Capt. Parry, in any other climate.

The thermometer varied from 50° to 60°. On the 24th the north shore of the harbour was so free from ice, that the sails were bent and the ships made ready to sail at a moment's warning, and on the 26th they moved nearly three quarters of a mile: at length, on the 31st, the whole body of ice in the harbour was perceived to be in motion, and on the 1st of August, after having been imprisoned ten months, the ships weighed; they sailed out of the harbour, with feelings which it is easy to conceive, but which Capt. Parry does not attempt to describe.

The London Magazine for August, contains among the notes to correspondents the following:

Napoleon Bonaparte's death will surely be the cause of ours. Will the reader believe that we are up to our middles in mourning verses? What can be said to an ode beginning, "High General, Mighty Emperor, Eagle vast!" —Or to lines containing the following:

"France's thunder now is *dim*!"

We have elegies enough to paper all the tenements in Saint Helena, and should be very glad to contract for furnishing linings to any respectable builder of bonnet boxes.

Death of Mrs. Inchbald.—This celebrated writer died on the first of August, at Kensington, after only a few days illness. Though novelties may have caused her name to be less before the public of late, than it was in former times, her genius was of the highest order, and she will long remain among the foremost, on the roll of British female authors. She was, we believe, about the age of seventy.

Agriculture.

"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

ON WHEAT TURNING TO CHEAT.

[Read 30th April, 1821.]

"He who suggests a metamorphose in the offspring of a grain of wheat, is bound to prove such metamorphose; not by merely asserting that it is so, but by producing such incontestable evidence of the fact, as shall stamp conviction upon the mind, that a transformation is taking place."

Thomas G. Kennedy, esq. Secretary of the Agricultural Society of Bucks County.

Sir—Judge Samuel Preston having stated in a communication to the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, that his wheat "turned all to cheat" in the year 1800, and having ascribed the change to the effect of the quadrienniæ fresh in the river Delaware in the spring of that year, as appears from the communication, it may not be foreign to the views of our society, who have associated for the promotion of agriculture and the advancement of useful knowledge, to endeavour rationally to account for the change. And as I am one of the unbelievers in the doctrine that wheat will turn to cheat, I have been induced to make a communication to the society on that subject.

In order more clearly to convey my ideas, I will draw up a statement of the discoveries which I have made in opposition to this doctrine, accompanied with such observations on the subject as shall occur to me. In doing this I may render an essential benefit to the community, as I may thereby be the means of eradicating an opinion hostile to the general interest, inasmuch as it is frequently the means of preventing its advocates from taking the necessary pains to weed out the cheat from amongst their grain, from a supposition that it is produced from a transformation of wheat; an opinion, not propagated by reason, but caught by contagion. I therefore beg leave briefly to state the following facts, the most of which I have already made appear to the satisfaction, as I suppose, of the society:

That grains of cheat when planted will grow.

That such is the wonderful productiveness of the plant, that a single grain is capable of producing an increase of upwards of six thousand, and that a single stalk is capable of producing upwards of four hundred grains, thereby yielding an increase in a tenfold proportion to that of a stalk of wheat.

That such is the strength and vigour of the plant, that when it was cut

off by a mowing scythe about the twentieth of June, it shot up again from the root, and brought forth to maturity seed in great abundance.

That the grain in a head of wheat is enclosed by a twofold coat of chaff: that the grain in a head of rye is enclosed by a single coat, and that the grain in a head of cheat is not enclosed at all.

Considerable reliance has been placed by the advocates of the doctrine that wheat will turn to cheat, upon the unusual and astonishing crops of cheat which every where appeared upon the stubble-fields in the summer of 1819, and they frequently adduce that circumstance as a *ne plus ultra* in the doctrine of transformation. That circumstance, however, upon taking a disinterested view of the subject, can very readily be accounted for upon rational principles. It will certainly be recollectcd, that in the same season, the rye which had shattered out the preceding harvest, vegetated and brought to perfection so large a crop, that in many places it was gathered with the cradle, and afforded a considerable yield. If therefore the rye, in gathering the crop, would shatter out in such abundance as to produce a crop worth the trouble of gathering the ensuing season, is it not reasonable to suppose that cheat, which, in consequence of the construction of the plant, shatters out so much easier, would, in gathering the crop of grain, be scattered over the field in such quantities, as to make a very striking appearance? The unusual drought during the season of 1819 was favourable, not only to the shattering out of the grain, in consequence of the very arid state to which it was brought by reason of a very hot sun shining upon it during the whole of the time of gathering, but it was also favourable to its sprouting or coming up, because the top of the ground was brought to such a state of pulverulence, that the grains which were shattered out became completely bedded in the dust. It was also favourable to its growth, the principal part of the clover and other grass with which the field had been sown having been killed by the drought; which sufficiently accounts for the unusual crops of cheat and rye which every where appeared in the stubble-fields.

It is undoubtedly the fact, that the wheat also shattered out, and came up in great abundance; but owing to the drought the increase of the fly was in an unusual proportion; and the wheat in the stubble-fields coming up at an earlier period than the usual time of seeding, afforded a full opportunity for that destructive insect to make its deposit; by which means a very large proportion of the wheat was so materially injured that it never came to perfection. Whereas there was not a solitary instance that I could discover, and I made a diligent search at different times, of the fly making its deposit upon the cheat.

In the year 1818, my wheat was killed by the red rust; and as I had previously discovered that grain when struck with the rust or mildew, would ripen in the swarthe as well as when left standing, and could be gathered much cleaner, before the straw became hardened in the sun, I came to the determination to cut it at an early period, and let it lie in the swarthe, as I also might thereby avoid the effects of a storm which might come upon it. In that part of the field which I had allotted for seed, I gave orders to my harvest hands to walk carefully along the heads of the grain, and pull out all the rye and trash which they could see. I also went along the swarthes myself, in order to make the wheat the cleaner. This wheat I sowed upon the ground which afterwards was my stubble-field, in 1819; and notwithstanding this precaution, so great was the increase of rye during a period of a single year, that in gathering the crop of wheat it shattered out and grew to perfection in such abundance, that upon certain parts of the field, where the clover had failed, I could have cradled a considerable swarthe.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Notice of the Special School of Commerce, established at Paris, No. 143, Rue Saint Antoine, under the direction of M. Brodart.

We have already announced, in the account rendered by M. le Baron Degérando of the proceedings of the council of administration during the year 1818, (see Bulletin, No. CLXXVIII, April 1819, p. 105,) that the Academy of Commerce, instituted by Messrs. Legret and Vanaker on too large a scale, had been substituted by a Special School of Commerce established at Paris, No. 143, Rue St. Antoine, and which promises a happy result.

This useful institution, directed by Mr. Brodart, has, in effect, realized the wishes of those who were intrusted in the advancement of commercial education in France. Scarcely has it been two years in existence, before there have issued from it, pupils distinguished for their theoretical and practical knowledge, and who have been advantageously placed in business.

The school is divided into three counting-houses, over each of which a special professor presides, and all superintended by an inspector general of study. In the first are taught, writing, commercial arithmetic, and geography, in its relations to trade. In the second, the pupils are instructed in book-keeping by double entry, in correspondence, in the rules and usages of commerce, in the calculation of exchange and arbitration, in the reduction of money, weights and measures, and in the statistics of commercial countries, or an acquaintance with their productions, intercourse, and mode of transportation.

On leaving these two counting rooms, which present, as we see, two distinct grades of the elementary knowledge of trade, the students pass into the third department, or office of artificial practice (*pratique simulé*). The line of distinction between these counting rooms is so closely marked, that no scholar can pass from the first to the second department, or from that to the third, without having undergone three very rigorous examinations; first from the head of the department, then from the inspector of study, and finally from the director himself.

But it is the third department which eminently distinguishes the Special School of Commerce from all other institutions of its kind. There the students are installed each in a separate office, where their account books, their patterns, their money chests, their port folio, &c. are collected together. Upon entering it, they receive their capital stock, composed of bank-notes engraved for the use of the school; fictitious money of every value, to be used as change, and bills of exchange on the different cities of Europe.

These novices, each of whom represents a commercial house, either at home or abroad, correspond with each other like real merchants, engage in commercial transactions of all kinds; receive and make payments, conclude purchases, sales, and deliveries, meet at the exchange which is on the spot, and there, some as factors, and some as brokers, others as stock-jobbers, and bankers, or simply as runners, negotiate their paper, or offer their merchandise, according to the price current which they have before them of the different parts of Europe.

In the third department is established a Commercial Museum, where the students learn to know all the wares, and staple productions, both foreign and domestic, which come under the notice of the merchant: become familiar with their varieties and qualities, as well as with their measurement, weight, tare, envelops, the conditions of sale, of purchase,

and of delivery; and, with the help of samples which are furnished them, traffic as truly as they could in the ports of London or Amsterdam.

The course of instruction comprehends, on one hand, the living languages; such as the French, English, German, and Spanish, which are taught by all professors versed in the customs and regulations of trade; and in the other, political economy, legislation, geography, and commercial statistics.

This school, thus organized, ought to obtain for M. Brodart, who directs it with so much zeal and ability, the thanks of all who are interested in the progress of industry. For this reason, the Society of Encouragement, has considered it a duty to give him an evidence of its approbation, by making known, through its bulletin, so useful an institution; and which has been opened under the patronage of the principal bankers and merchants of the capital.

No pupils are admitted under sixteen years of age. The price of boarders is 1200 francs; half boarders 800 francs; and for day scholars 500 francs.

Variety.

SCOTCHMEN.

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenious in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them, is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. Its Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, suppositions, half-intuitions,

demi-consciousnesses, misgivings, partial illuminations, “dim instincts,” embryo conceptions, and every stage that stops short of absolute certainty and conviction—his intellectual faculty seems a stranger to. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to any thing that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy’s country. Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth—as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself—that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation.

[*London Mag.*]

WAR BETWEEN K AND Q.

The celebrated Peter Ramus was one of the most able restorers of learning in the sixteenth century; but he had to encounter great difficulties in his endeavours to correct the barbarous pronunciation of Latin and Greek which prevailed in the University of Paris, where he was for many years both professor of philosophy and of eloquence. On attaining the latter chair, in the Royal College, he laboured with new ardour in the cause of literary reformation; and the first abuse attacked by him was the Gothic pronunciation of K for Q, in Latin words—as *kis* for *quis*, *kiskis* for *quisquis*, and *kankam* for *quangquam*. Ramus demonstrated in his lectures the absurdity of this pronunciation, and he taught his pupils the proper sound of letters. Some other professors adopted his plan, and followed his example; so that *kankam* and *kiskis* were nearly expelled from all the schools; when the doctors of the Sorbonne, who had not been consulted, took the alarm; and having assembled in grave consultation, they determined that K was orthodox, and Q heretical; and at the same time decreed, that whoever dared to pronounce *quangquam* should incur ecclesiastical censure. A young divine, however, in despite of this judgment, ventured, in a public thesis, to pronounce both *kuyskuys* and *quangquam*, for which he was deprived of his benefice. An appeal to Parliament followed; and the doctors for *kankam* appeared in formidable array against the innovators, at the head of whom stood the learned Ramus, who turned his adversaries into such ridicule, that the priest was restored to his living, and the claims of K and Q were left to be decided by the grammarians.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES.

There is an observation in an early letter from David Hume to his friend Gibbon, which shows singular penetration and may be considered as in some measure philosophically prophetic. Gibbon, it is well known, took a plea-

sure in French composition; and his first publication was in that language. Hume was not inclined to favour such a practice, and he was of opinion that in time the English language would gain the same ascendancy over its rival, as the Latin did over the Greek. "Why," writes he to Gibbon, "do you compose in French, and carry faggots to the wood, as Horace says with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek? I grant that you have a like motive to those Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffused than your native language; but have you not remarked the fate of those two ancient languages in following ages? The Latin, though then less celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has, in some measure, outlived the Greek, and is now more generally understood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the present diffusion of their tongue. Our solid and increasing establishments in America, where we need less dread the inundation of barbarians, promise a superior stability and duration to the English language."

GARRICK.

In the summer of 1778, their majesties made an excursion through the encampments which were then formed on the western coast. This drew a number of visitors to Winchester, and among the rest the English Roscius, to whom a whimsical accident occurred at one of the reviews, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was then at that place, afterwards recounted with great humour.

At one of those field days in the vicinity, Garrick found it necessary to dismount, when his horse escaped from his hold and ran off; throwing himself immediately into his professional attitude, he cried out, as if on Bosworth field, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

This exclamation, and the accompanying attitude, excited great amazement amongst the surrounding spectators, who knew him not; but it could not escape his majesty's quick apprehension, for it being within his hearing, he immediately said, "Those must be the tones of Garrick!" see if he is not on the ground. The theatrical and dismounted monarch was immediately brought to his majesty, who not only condoled with him most good humouredly on his misfortune, but flatteringly added "that his delivery of Shakespeare could never pass undiscovered."

THE WORLD'S AGE.

It was remarked, during the late unseasonable weather, that the world had entered into her winter years.

Poetry.

LINES

Addressed to the children of Mr. Lewis, on the eve of their leaving New York.

Minstrels of nature—if there be
A being on the earth who can
Hear, and unmov'd, your melody,
I would not be that man—

There are long dreams of happiness,
And gentle beatings of the heart,
And twilight glimpses of far bliss,
In which he has no part.

There are pure waters, gushing up
From blessed springs, unknown to him,
Or, if some drops are in his cup,
They'll never reach the brim.

Who that has heard from summer trees
The sweet, wild song of summer birds,
When morning, to the far off breeze,
Whispers her bidding words:

Or listen'd to the bird of night,
The minstrels of the star-light hour,
Companion of the fireless flight,
Cool dews and closing flowers.

But deemed that spirits of the air
Had left their native homes in Heaven,
And that the music warbled there,
To earth awhile was given?

For, with that music came the thought
That life's young purity was theirs,
And love, all artless and untaught,
Breath'd in their woodland airs.

And thus, whene'er your baby fingers
Wake sounds of Heaven's own harmony,
How welcome is the thought that lingers
Upon their blended minstrelsy.

It calls up visions of past days,
When life was infancy and song
To us—and old, remember'd lays,
Unheard, unheeded long.

Revive in breathing life with us,
Like lost friends waken'd from their sleep,
With all their early power to win us
Alike to smile or weep.

And thou,* who, ere thy lips can learn
In speech thy wishes to make known,
Bids' "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"
Speak in thy harp's wild tone,

Were genius task'd to prove the might,
The magic of her hidden spell,
She well might name you with delight,
As her own miracle.

Whene'er we gaze upon that face,
Blooming in innocence and truth,
And mark its dimpled artlessness,
Its beauty and its youth,

We think of better worlds than this,
Of other beings, pure as thou,
Who breathe 'mid flowers of paradise,
Music—as thine is now.

And know the only emblem meet
Of all the throbbing heart adores,
To be a child like thee, whose feet
Are strangers on life's shores.

Would that your songs and ye could ever
Be thus—in after years your art
May strike a bolder lyre, but never
So deeply print the heart.

[*N. Y. Gaz.*

* The poet is here supposed to apostrophize the youngest individual, but in strains applicable to the whole group.